

FOUR ORIGINAL
LETTERS,

V. I. Z.

Two from a HUSBAND to a
GENTLEMAN:

A N D

Two from a HUSBAND to a
WIFE.

In amore hæc omnia insunt vitia,-----

----- Ut cum ratione insanias.

TERENT.

Satis jam satis, spectata erga te amicitia est mea.

Id.

It is a kind of Slander to trust to Rumour.

B. JOHNSON.

THE THIRD EDITION.

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T H E

P R E F A C E.

HE, who (in any Station of Life) depends on the Publick, cannot pay too great a Deference or Regard to 'em; 'tis his Interest and his Duty; from which Motive alone, the following Letters are submitted to the Perusal of the Humane, the Sensible, the Candid, and Impartial. The unhappy injur'd Person who wrote 'em, hopes, they will be regarded as an opening only, to a Case to be publish'd at a convenient Opportunity; wherein, 'tis possible, it will be made appear,— however great a Man's Injuries,— however aggravating the Circumstances,— it may not always prove the highest Prudence to expect Reparation from Law; since, however excellent the Laws may be, however worthy and upright the —; however wise and learned the——; nay tho' a——, should be wholly unbiass'd, or unprejudic'd;— What Defence can there be against unsuspected Treachery, and a close laid Conspiracy? A Series of which, can be prov'd to have been acted, a long Time (particularly by a Set of the most unworthy, ungrateful People, that

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that ever any one, by Marriage, was unfortunately ally'd to) against a Man, whose grossest Crimes, perhaps, will appear to have been, Credulity, Indiscretion, and a too forgiving Temper.

It may not be improper to premise the Readers, there is not a single Fact hinted at, in these Letters, that many living Witnesses do not know to be Truth: And as to the Marriage Articles mentioned in 'em; on their being examin'd by able Lawyers, they appear'd to be not worth one Shilling to the Wife, tho' they were drawn by a Person, chose by her own Family, whose Trouble the Husband handsomely rewarded: The Husband has scorn'd to take any bad Advantage of 'em, tho' 'tis evident, they were never design'd in his Favour.

The Verdict, in a past Trial, is not complain'd of; 'twas all the Money too much for the Woman, and more than the Husband ever desir'd to receive, tho' not equal, perhaps (as some may think) to the Damages and Injuries the Relations, the Friends, the Children, and the Creditors of that Husband may have sustained by the Cause of Trial. Had the Husband's Views been mercenary, there are many Men of Honour living who know, a private Composition was frequently propos'd, and as constantly rejected, in a proper Manner. The Readers are left to make their own Remarks on the following Epistles, and only entreated to consider, the different Times and Seasons they were wrote in; as well as to allow for the Agitations of the Author's distracted Mind; and then, if possible, to suspend

THE PREFACE.

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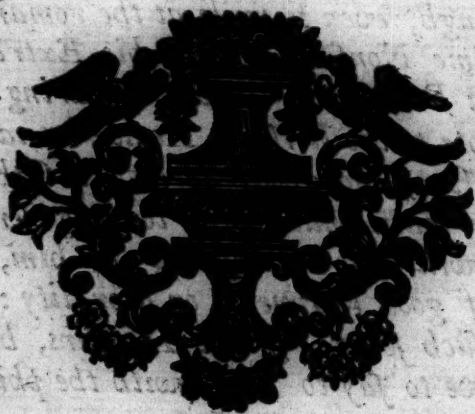
pend their final Judgment 'till the whole is impartially stated, and submitted to 'em. And should it appear, creditable Witnesses are living, who, if call'd, would have confronted the Guilty, and confuted many false, scandalous and vile Assertions, made to the Prejudice of the Plaintiff; What can be said? or what may not be thought? As the Author of these is well known and ready, on Occasion, to appear (and as they contain Truth alone) 'tis left to the Consideration of the impartial Reader what Sort of Countenance, or Belief, ought to be given to any Libels, published as pretended Answers, should any such appear, (as has been too frequently, and basely practis'd against many) dispers'd by unknown Hands.

Should the Husband, in Time, recover his Senses enough, even to smile at the romantic Stuff and sublime Nonsense, he, in his Extravagance of frantic Passion may (when wandering Abroad) have wrote to the Wife at Home; — nay, should he, hereafter, endeavour to divert Others with what may have made him too long serious, 'tis hop'd, 'twill not be imputed to him, as any Breach of good Manners, or Morality: If there are any such severe, grave Thinkers, he humbly begs Leave to say to 'em, (with the philosophical Satirist)

Ridentem dicere Verum quis vetat?

But to detain the Readers no longer, the following Pages are left to their Censure or Approbation, with this Intimation alone, — Nothing

thing but the last Necessity should have occasion'd the printing of what was meant for a private Perusal only. They were not, when wrote, design'd for publick View, &c. but flow'd from the Weakness of his blind Infatuation and passionate wounded Heart, whose cooler Judgment now convinces him, the Persons they are addressed to, deserv'd not a single Line from him.



LETTER

LETTER I.

A Letter from the Husband to the Wife (once thought virtuous) left for her in her Servant's Hands the Day before the Husband went Abroad, which was on Sunday April the 16th, 1738, she having confessed her Love for another.

My Dearest Sufanna Maria,

 O T Strength of Constitution, Spirits, Resolution, Reason, or all I can call to my Assistance, will, I find, prevent my having a violent Fit of Illness which increases daily: If God pleases to dismiss me this Life, it will be an Act of Mercy. My Heart trembles, my Senses stagger, what a State of Despair! I own the Hand of Providence, and submit to its eternal Justice; my Condition is greatly terrible: My own Faults glare upon me, and Self convicted I own; I ought to suffer much, yet, sure, mine is the heaviest Calamity that ever oppress'd human Nature: How vain, were an Attempt, to express it in Words: 'Tis not to be conceiv'd; 'tis only to be felt, and felt by me alone.

Where

Where is the Religion, where the unspotted Truth, the whiten'd Innocence, that once shone out, so brightly, in a certain Mind? All lost! I hope not irrecoverably lost, in violent Passions and wild Notions, that impose upon the Understanding, and mislead the Mind benighted, 'till the Day may break and waken us, from cheating Dreams, to Certainty of Pain.

I have broke off to address the Almighty with a truly penitent, contrite Heart; with bitter Tears, unfeign'd Sorrow: Do you join in the Prayer; humbly implore that great divine Instructor, to illuminate your Mind, to waken a Sense of Truth, and convince, that without such Assistance, our own Reason is too weak to let us know when we err. The Indulgence of strong Passions will never permit us to judge candidly. How necessary is it to beg Grace of the divine Power; to do it fervently and unfeignedly, 'tis the only true Check on our wrong Thoughts, that otherwise lead us to wrong Actions; one brings on another, 'tis impossible to avoid it, if not timely stopp'd. How dismal are my Nights? How miserable my Days? Oh, Child, be cautious, lest, too late, you own with me, 'tis a bitter aggravating Circumstance of Sorrow, to be conscious, our Follies may, in some Measure have deserv'd it. May the just, the all-gracious God, hear, and be my Witness, since I was married, that I never thought of any one, with the Ideas of Love, but my own dear Wife; whom now I
love

love with all the Esteem, Tenderness, cordial Affection, and fond Concern, that ever possess'd the Breast of Man, as a Husband or Lover: No Parent, not even a Mother, can more fondly dote on her only new-born Child. That I have been heretofore negligent of my Person, my Fortune, and Character, with Shame and Sorrow, I own; and God only knows how terrible my Punishment! He farther knows, and may his gracious unbounded Mercy strengthen my Mind to an honest Resolution: He also knows, I say, how desirous I am of being just for the Time to come. I'll not encourage the least contrary Thought; nor omit ought may lead me to that Happiness. May my Crimes be pardon'd, as I pardon all committed towards me. Would the indulgent Omnipotent recall the dear wandering Heart, whose Loss I mourn with Agony; be Witness, God, with what a Rapture my Heart would open, to receive the Blessing; and never, in a single Thought, would dare to reprove, or chide, the too dear Frail One! Heaven grant this, or I am lost for ever.

My Heart's Fondling, my dearest *Molly*, you may have the sole Possession, and full Command, of the Heart of a Husband that beats to you alone; that wishes, the vital Blood may no longer warm it, than while it flows for you. Take Example of Heaven, and dash not away the Tears of Penitence: I have been highly too blame, and I as truly repent, I will err no more. I here give up
 all

all Views of idle Pleasures, all Vanities whatsoever; I will live very near, that I may recover my Circumstances, I give up every Thing, but your *Heart*; let me recover that Treasure, and I shall repine at nothing; my Heart will be delighted in Extasy, while I can see your Countenance smile, and wear the Looks of cordial Affection.

Return and save me from the last Misery; my Senses will certainly be lost, if not my Life, unless this happens: Human Nature can't support it long. Sure you will, you will return; I must not suppose you could bear to think, you were unhappily the Cause of my untimely End, and thereby hazard my Soul's eternal Rest: All Right of Command I change to Intreaty, and fondly implore this of you. No Indulgence shall equal mine, and think, how glorious the Triumph will be, when Humanity and Virtue conquers unwarrantable Passions; it is the greatest Progress we can make towards reaching divine Perfection; Such a Victory is a nobler Instance of a great Mind than can be given by those who never had Struggle. On one Side, appears Comfort and everlasting Happiness, warranted, and protected, by the Laws of God and Man: On the other, I dare not paint it, the Prospect is too indelicate, for me, to shew you, and too terrible for us both to look at. I must, tho' with a bleeding Heart, say something, tho' very poorly, expressive of the Truth. Is it not for the present Indulgence of unjustifiable Passions,
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and

and deceiving Pleasures; Is it not hoarding up of perpetual Miseries to come? Minds may change! Resentments may awake! unforeseen Revolutions may happen, and Shame and Scorn ensue! Truth will conquer all. You are high in the Esteem of the Best; lose it not for God's Sake: Think of your Days of Innocence and Delight; awake the Memory of those Joys, those conscious Joys, we have known; return, return entire, and give a Joy beyond em all, crown the Evening of my Life with this Blessing, and have my eternal Prayers. Experience will teach us; Bread and Water, with such Reflections, afford greater Delight than all the nameless Vanities that Luxury, in all its deceitful Shapes, can give; such cannot last, and Misery must be the Consequence: Revive the Memory of your own dear Innocence, let not false Names cheat you to mistake something for it that is not it. Save my Life, save my Soul, and of a miserable Object of Despair, make me the happiest of Men: My Heart springs at the Thought: But alas! it sinks again, and swells, with throbbing Grief, to think it is not so: Yet let me hope it tho- If nothing but my everlasting Ruin can content you, you may soon enjoy the Sacrifice; but have more Regard to yourself, your Relations, your Friends, and the aching Heart of a forgiving, a repentant, and truly affectionate Husband: Think how you have been delighted to see my Name joined thereto, and by blessing me, beyond Expression, renew those

Delights, such as will give our Hearts more lasting, real Joy, than all we can propose beside. Had God permitted our tender Babe to have remained on Earth, those innocent Angels would have pleaded in my Behalf beyond the Rhetorick of Man, much more beyond all my poor disconcerted Brain will enable me to say. I would proceed, but big Passions choke me: I have been torn by many, but my Love and Concern for you conquers all.

Let me not imagine any thing can entirely efface the Memory of a Husband, whom, you own, you entertain'd as the first welcome Guest of an innocent Heart: Let no second Thought, for God's Sake, drive me quite from thence; you know my Esteem of you is so great, so fond my Opinion of you, my tender Heart has been more ready to form Excuses for you, than you to make 'em--- My Dear, Affliction is a just, tho' severe Monitor, the sincerest Friend; it shews the Truth; I see, I feel it. To declare I lose my Appetite, that I want Sleep, are but poor Instances of Pain: I want much more, I want my Peace of Mind; you alone can restore it. Kneel, kneel, and implore the Assistance of our great Creator; to trust alone to our fallible Mind, is running on in Error; it leads to Perdition: Be assur'd, this is so, and may the Almighty Power waken you to a right Sense, e'er mine is lost in Madness: My Prospects, otherwise, are these, a lingering Death in a Jail, Madness in *Bedlam*, a broken Heart, or the terrible Chance, that in some Frensy of
my

my Passion, I may at once rush into that Eternity, of which, the wisest Man is but an arrogant Fool, who presumes he can give a full and certain Notion; and then, where's my Retreat? From all this, you, and you alone can save me. The Recovery of thee, my inestimable Jewel, would give a Transport to my Heart, beyond all I ever knew; that were a bridal Hour indeed! Then my Mind might calm to give me leave to look into my Affairs, which, if this happens, are not irretrievable; but one cannot be without the other. My Horses, and all Superfluities, belonging to me, I shall order to be sold; I am determined to think nothing necessary but what may merely keep me clean, and subsist me; and shall employ one, among my Creditors, who shall make such reasonable Proposals, as I cannot but think will be comply'd with. If Riding is necessary for you, as I think it may, I can have your little Mare, or borrow some other for you, and you cannot have a faithfuller Servant, than myself, to attend you. Give me my Peace of Mind, give me yourself, give me your Heart--your Mind, my Soul's Darling, my only Comfort and remaining Hope; and what cannot I undertake and accomplish, with his great Assistance, whose Aid I shall frequently implore; the Repetition of which, you well know, is the only Way to keep our Mind in a right Habit. Let not false Notions, gloss'd over with specious Appearances, win you from these Thoughts; I would be delicately tender of
shock-

shocking your Mind with rude Images, yet,
 Duty compels me, gently to inform you, in the
 Way you are, you are trying to steal your
 Heart against a fond, tho' erring Husband,
 but a truly penitent one; 'tis driving from your
 Mind all conjugal Affections, setting at nought
 the Peace of all Relations, all Friends, and
 risking your own eternal Quiet; 'tis teaching
 yourself a strange unhappy Lesson; 'tis plung-
 ing in Guilt, believe it; oh God! 'tis fearing
 your Conscience, midst all the Calamities and
 Disappointments you ever met: Examine your
 Mind and tell me; Did there not appear great
 Solace from the Consciousness of a well dis-
 posed and warrantable Inclination, and gave
 not Religion a Comfort, which nought else can
 so effectually do? I have been too well ac-
 quainted with the Volence of some Passions,
 and know how much they blind our Reason:
 But Truth will prevail at last, and when we
 find that has not been our Guide, how shock-
 ing our Condition! Your truest Friend tells you
 this, who knows it, by sad Experience; profit
 by the Example: The Struggle will over pay
 itself. Ah! my Life, I wish not to cure the
 Wounds of your dear Mind with Cortosives;
 I would pour the Balm of Comfort, tho' I
 am mentioning what is a Dagger in my Heart;
 but thy kind Hand can remove it, and I will
 draw a Veil over it, that the Operation may not
 too strongly affect you: Think this;—Justice,
 Honour, Duty, all the Ties of Religion, Vir-
 tue, Truth, and Humanity, plead my unhap-
 py

py Cause; your not complying, ends in the Ruin of all; it must end in mine, and, which, to me, appears still worse, I fear your own Destruction. I here, in express Terms, declare, what's pass'd I forgive, and nothing, but the Prevention of my future Ease, shall ever rouse a Thought of it in me; nor do I desire a better Security, for my Quiet, than your own Word: Be assur'd, all unwarrantable Passions are to be got the better of, with much more Ease, and less Time, than those which Virtue inspires, which Honour warrants, which Truth demands, and which 'tis unjust to waver in, but more heinous not to recover, to cherish and support. Wiser Heads than mine, may dress up other Sentiments in a more pleasing Garb; but Time alone will convince, there's nothing so charming (however other Things may be artfully disguis'd) as simple, naked Truth. I have begg'd of God, and I hope he has heard my Prayers, to enable me to suppress all Passion, but one; that one ought to be indulg'd, my Love I mean: Again I repeat it.---- I'll shew no Ill-Will or Resentment to any; no Thought, but what terminates in an honest Desire of making my dear Wife happy: Wife and Husband are the tenderest Names; do not lose all Sense of 'em. Retrieve me from Perdition, my Heart's Darling, and be, in a true literal Sense, my Guardian Angel. Read this often, consider it coolly; and, tho' a moderate Understanding may make me express myself but indifferently, it speaks
from
my

my Mind at least: Drive me not to Despair;
insult not my breaking Heart; but, my dearest
Sucky, my dearest Molly, my dearest Teresa,
return to Truth, and bless me; return to

Your repentant, fondly forgiving,

affectionate, tender, truly

loving, tho' unhappy Husband,

T. C.

but more beloved not to recover to cheer

LETTER II.

A Letter from the Husband, in Town, to a

Gentleman (once thought a Friend.) Delivered

into his own Hands, in the Country,

by a Man Servant, the latter End of August

1738.

SIR,

TH O' the Occasion of my writing to you

is the most extraordinary that ever was,

I shall come to the Point, without Ceremo-

ny. A certain fine Lady [whose Name I never

choose to mention again] will, by that Time

you have this, receive a Letter, to inform her

of my determin'd Resolution as to herself.

Something remains to be said to you, Sir. I

must

must forget I ever look'd on you with a friendly Eye, or, as a Gentleman, whom, perhaps, I once greatly esteem'd, and thought myself honour'd in Acquaintance: How I ought to think of you, or act towards you now, Sir, let your own Understanding determine for me, in Spite of Prejudice to me, or your own Self-Love. I must now change the Stile I have often talk'd to you in; but I shall be calm, tho' determinate; and, as I scorn to speak beneath a Gentleman, you need not apprehend ought unfitting a Gentleman to hear. Reflect, Sir, how much Ruin I owe to the most deceitful of Women: And what shall I call you, Sir? the most artful of Men. Can you have so strong a Sense of Pride and Shame, as you say you have, and not blush, when you reflect how much you have made me the unhappiest of Men. You know you have; by my G—d you do: You have seen me sinking under the most calamitous heart-felt Anguish and Agony, while I smother'd Passions in my Breast, that disorder'd my Senses, and were near depriving me of Life: I blush to think I have endur'd so much. But nothing less than Extreame could have cur'd me of that excessive, that uncommon, I must now add, shameful Love, that I once had for the unworthiest of Women.—I cannot say less of her, and scorn to say more. I own, I have often debated with myself, whether I should not have destroy'd you, her, and myself; I have had it in my Power, could I have reconcil'd my Mind

to so damn'd, so execrable an Action. I am not ashamed to avow, Sir, I believe in a God, and think Self-Murder the most impudent Crime can be committed towards him; tho' I have had too many melancholy Debates with myself thereon: Nay, I think it, indeed, in one Sense, a cowardly Act: My farther Thoughts, on that Subject, I have no need to explain now.--- As to her, I could not bear the Idea of hurting, what was once, too dear, too precious to me; I will not say now how much so: And for you, Sir, let me tell you, while I had the least Interval of Reason, I could not but scorn a base, malicious Resentment, even to the Man who has depriv'd me of all I once thought valuable. I have had my Cure from her own flagrant Behaviour: But I will not be so meanly ungenerous, to say all I think of her to you; do you think of her Ingratitude (to say the least) towards me, as a high Merit to you. If the strongest Guilt can deserve a favourable Thought, you owe it to her.--- Sir, I must tell you plainly, I know now, I believe, the whole Progress of a detested Affair, even from the Masquerade and Chappel Meetings you had long since; yes, Sir, and the dear Lady's beginning a literary Correspondence, at a Time, when, I believe, I may safely call God to Witness, I had never exchange'd three Words with you; nay, barely recollected your Face, and scarcely remembered your Name; (you must know, and ought to own this) I thank the delicate Dame for
the

the Commencement of our Acquaintance. I am lost in Astonishment when I recollect, I have seen that innocent Face of her's, as it once appear'd to me, received (ay, both of us received on a friendly Footing) in a sober Family of Distinction and Reputation, where there appear'd a general Harmony of Love and Friendship;--- She handsomely treated, by Gentlemen of Figure and Fortune, invited and caress'd by Ladies of deserved Reputation: Placed by the Side of one, whom I shudder to think of, and will not be so indelicate to dwell on 'em in my Thought, lest my Imagination should start strange Fancies. I say, I am stunn'd at the Recollection; with what innocent Mirth she there appear'd; when, my God! how shockingly far gone was she in Guilt, as her own Confessions have since reveal'd to me; but from herself I could not have believ'd it: My Brain aches with the Thought. By all that's sacred I then no more imagin'd her capable of what I have since found, than I thought Infants, at the Breast, could lay Schemes of Mischief; or, that Babes, in the Month, could blaspheme: So foolishly was I lost, in a high Opinion of her, I never had the least Suspicion of her being capable of an Error, even in Thought; 'till a damn'd Letter I receiv'd, a considerable Time after the Queen's Death, and even then, struggled to think favourably, 'till her own Mouth pronounced her Guilty. The Consequence of which, immediately drove me

from *England*; and what cruel, shocking, artful Advantages were taken of my distracted Mind, during my Absence, as well as of my Weakness, Credulity and unhappy Circumstances;--- When at Home, let them say whose Consciences can best inform 'em--- But I have said too much of you and her, tho' I may owe it to myself to say a great deal more, she's not worth it now. Had I any Obligations to you, Sir, that I did not propose returning in the strongest Manner? Were they not unexpectedly thrust on me? Did I ever seek for any? If by any Accident it has not been immediately in my Power to discharge 'em; let me say, 'twas a cruel artful Manner of deluding me, with what I ought (all Things consider'd) to call, the Appearance of Obligations only: 'Tis plain they were meant to disarm me of that Resentment you were conscious, I must, some Time or other, waken to. Yet, she, she, that strange Woman, whom I cannot name, taught me to call you a Friend, and think you such; were you really one, Sir? Let me tell you, Sir, those in whom I thought I could place the highest Confidence, have disappointed and betray'd me; where I center'd my Hopes of Happiness, I have met with Shame, Ingratitude and Ruin. How very early Attempts were made against my Peace of Mind, and all that's valuable to Man, is best known to those who took strange Methods, coolly, and deliberately to plan my Destruction: Tho' I scorn (as I have told you more than once) a base,

a base, low, malicious, treacherous Revenge; yet, I am compell'd to inform you, whatever Man ought to do, I dare do, Sir, let the Trial come when it will: Tho' perhaps, 'tis scarce Courage to say (after being stabb'd thro' the Heart) you are welcome to a fair Opportunity of shooting me thro' the Head, or running me thro' the Body; if your own Honour, your own Conscience, your own Understanding dictate to you, more should be said, or done, by one in my tortur'd, unhappy Condition, think it said already, and save me the Pain of repeating Words that bear a harsh Sound, to one whom Friendship, Respect and good Will, have not permitted me to look on hatefully; tho' I am, thro' your Means, the most undone of Mankind. I expect, Sir, as you are a Man of Honour, to have all my Letters returned me that I wrote to her; since, among other modest Treatment of me, she has hinted to me they were in safe Hands: I may pardon her Breach of Duty in other Respects, and plead her unhappy Love, forsooth, (which I ought to laugh at now) but I never will forgive such an injurious, sacrilegious Breach of Trust: I shall lose all Patience if I say much more on't: I wont meanly imagine you could desire to have 'em, Sir. What, expose the Letters of an injur'd, forgiving Husband; wrote, when, God is Witness, he had not the right Use of his Senses; Stupendious Impudence! Had an unhappy Man been afflicted with a Leprosy, and in a delirious Fit of a
Fever,

Fever, danc'd naked round his Chamber, should a Wife, a Wife, Sir, dare to throw open the Door to expose him? Damn'd Thought! But not parallel to the exposing of Letters, full of the wild Ravings, and incoherent Starts of an unfortunate Madman. Sir, I must require every Line of 'em from you: And may I never see her Face again. I am not to direct you, Sir, how you are to behave to others, or ask you whom you may hurt besides myself; but I can't help saying, if she has any Spark of Honour, Conscience, Honesty, or Modesty remaining, she ought to retire from the World, contented with a very moderate Allowance, which I shall be willing to contribute to, Sir, loaded, as I am, with Distresses and Difficulties; and I shall still think worse of her, than I have done, if she takes any Advantage of her Power over you (I know she has shewn a great deal too much already) to drive you to ought that may prejudice you, or hurt some Families, that good Manners and Humanity will not permit me to mention, or dwell one Moment longer on. Sir, as she has chose her Situation, when I, to the last Moment, would have sav'd her from the last Ruin, I never more will exchange a Word with her. If you have ought, after the Receipt of this, to say to me, Sir, I am to be found in Town, whither you can better afford to come, than I to take a Journey into the Country; which, as I have been exceeding ill, is not altogether so easy for me neither,

tho'

tho' I think it highly improper, we should ever more behold each other, unless it were on an Affair of the last Consequence. Tho' she had Impudence and Folly enough to think, I would continue, on any Consideration of Luxury, or Vanity, to play the ridiculous infamous Part of a feigned Husband; sure, no Man, in his Senses, thought I would or could: If you know such a one, Sir, tell 'em, I can teach myself to think as cheaply, as badly of them, as they must of me. Favours, of any Sort, I neither expect, or want, or would receive; I should detest those who could proffer 'em, as I should myself to accept 'em: And, without mincing the Matter, Sir, I must tell you, my Acquaintance, with you, has been the most expensive of any I ever had, perhaps; I mean so in a literal Sense, for I have ever been too apt to appear and act above myself, both at Home and Abroad: And never omitted, in every Respect, entertaining others in the Manner I thought they deserv'd. I now will have done, and subscribe myself (as you're a Gentleman)

Your humble Servant.

P. S. I have been in some Hurry of Business, and, perhaps, my Mind not a little ruffled; therefore, cannot yet finish my other Letter; but I shall send it to her as soon as possible. On second Thoughts, I care not whe-

whether I have my Letters or no, provided the Weakness I have shewn in 'em, towards a nameless Woman, is not believ'd; let her rather think it Artifice, or call it what she will. I am not to learn your Spirit, and your Sentiments of Pride and Honour, Sir, therefore will not doubt, but my Name will never be mention'd by you. This is no Time for either of us to give or receive Compliments: But be assur'd, from this Time, your Name, Sir, will never be mention'd more by me for my own Sake, and I wish my own Name were chang'd, because she once bore it. Whatever others may advise me to do, I have determin'd to act from myself; and I here tell you, Sir, the only Appearance of an Obligation I will ever owe to you, shall be your Assistance, (and that at a Distance) to free me from what I scorn to be link'd to. If it will be any additional Gratification to the Lady to have her Husband destroy'd, don't fail to obey her Commands, Sir; for who can do too much to please such a Dame? But know, Sir, least you should imagine I would reap ought from her damn'd Folly, I here declare, I seek for nothing but to be free; and so farewell to her for ever. It is incumbent on me, to tell you, Sir, what Obligations she may be under to you, by G—d I am an utter Stranger to, and wish for ever to continue so. My humble Service to her, and I thank her, and you, for my Ruin, which I shall rise above, when she's repenting too late. She'll find me a fatal Prophet. When she has
receiv'd

receiv'd and read my Letters, I stand prepared for all Events. As I have been her Slave to Extreame, let her not be surpriz'd that my Resentments rises in Proportion, tho' the insolent Fool has often dar'd to rouse my Anger to my Face; I scorn'd the Violence she would have provok'd me to, and could not forget I was a Man, tho' I had been excusable not to have remembred she was a Woman. I shall say nothing but Truth in my Letters to her, tho' exceeding short of what I know, if Men of Honour are to be depended on, and far, far short of what she has deserved. I must remind you, Sir, whatever Lye (I can't use a softer Word) she has taught herself to tell, or has impos'd on any one to believe, I know how to clear myself, in Spite of all her base Attempts. I insist on her Ear-Rings; I have been robb'd too much by her already.

LETTER III.

The foregoing Letter was inclosed in the following.

SIR,

THE Inclos'd has been wrote a considerable Time, and sent after you twice, when, by Accident, I heard you was in Town. I can but smile to think you could suppose,

LETTER

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pose,

pose, I ever wanted to make any Advantages of you to your Prejudice: Had that ever been my Thought, I might have proceeded very differently--- No, Sir, I would starve first. A Divorce, a thorough one, I have learnt, is not so excessively expensive, as some may have imagin'd: I expect that of their Honour, who ought to procure it; and it may be done without Prejudice to any, or using Names that may shock the Innocent; 'tis all I want in Lieu of a fine Lady, and her Income, which, by my Means, may yet be 400 l. a Year, but I would Beg rather than share it with her. I think Money, Dirt, Sir, as much as any one, and however necessary an Article 'tis in Life, I scorn to pick it off Dunghills. Pray, Sir, what Favours do I owe you, except one paltry Debt, for which you had my Bond, and you know might have had stronger Security? Did I dream of it e'er 'twas propos'd, or were any damn'd Terms propos'd? No, by my G-d, Sir, you know the contrary. I am, Sir, as before,

LETTER

LETTER IV.

A Letter delivered by a Man Servant into the Wife's own Hands, she being then in the Country, wrote when the Husband was just recover'd from a violent Fit of Illness, by the kind Care and Assistance of a Friend, at whose House he lodg'd; being the last the Husband ever did, or ever will write to the Wife. Deliver'd the Beginning of September, 1738.

MADAM,

I Am about to write to you for the last Time, consequently may be drawn into a long Letter, as I purpose, never more, but once, to set my Hand to ought concerning you; I mean, by that once, when I may sign an Instrument that may leave you to all that Liberty your own Licentiousness has made Choice of;—you know, some Time ago, I bid you prepare for a determin'd Separation, which Resolution, no Consequence upon Earth shall shake. Remember 'tis your own seeking—'Twas your own Choice, at a Time when I was running distracted, and breaking my Heart Abroad, for what I blush to have ever set so much Value on: Your Behaviour, and my own Reflections, have fix'd my Mind irrevocable. Those who act thoughtlessly may, in some Measure, stand accus'd—But he who conti-

nues to act against his Thought, is, I think, unpardonable.

I am greatly at a Loss to proceed, since what can I say to you that will not be shocking, (tho' I shall say nothing but Truth) unless I were to demean myself, if possible, more than I have done, so much have I been lost in Love, (and a fond, foolish Hope of recovering what I ought not to have sought after) which Love you have torn from my Heart by the Roots, yes, Madam, entirely; tho' I once lov'd to Folly and Madness: My only Obligation to you is, you have absolutely cur'd me, which not long since, I thought could never have happen'd. I think a generous good-natur'd Mind should be slow to suspect, as Humanity will be ready to forgive; how mine have been deceiv'd, I have been too surely convinc'd by undeniable Facts, and the Confessions gain'd from yourself. However wildly I may often have appear'd in general to have acted, yet, in Matters of the highest Consequence, you may have had some Proof: I can be strangely steady, can keep my Mind to myself, can sift to the very Bottom of Things, am slow in my Determination; and being fix'd, no Power, no Force, no Threat, no Bribe, no Terror, nor any Temptation whatever can alter me, knowing my Resolves are grounded on Truth, Honour and Justice. But to my Point.

When I made you my Wife, I knew I wedded a beautiful, sensible young Woman; but what I farther thought an inestimable Treasure was,

was, I imagin'd I had found one of a deserv'd good Character, whose Prudence, whose Religion, whose artless Innocence, whose careful sober Education, whose sound Principles, and steady Honesty were such, as nothing could tempt to any Act, or even Thought, that was in the least repugnant to the strictest Principles of Truth and Virtue. I need not say, *I have been vilely deceiv'd in all*;--- but when I reflect how much, and how early I was deceiv'd--- I am astonish'd, and Thunder-struck; tho' I can, I thank God, speak of it now with Temper.

To say ought that may appear like Praise of one's self, may seem vain: But there can be no Reason in the World why we should fear to speak a simple Truth, when so absolutely necessary to remember it; nay, when the Occasion seems, indeed, to extort it from one--- Being conscious to myself, that I had been too irresolute in the Conduct of my Affairs, as to Oeconomy, &c. I acted with that Nicety, that Extravagance of Honour towards you, Madam, that by my own Desire, Marriage Articles were drawn to make you Mistress of whatever Fortune might accrue to you from your own Talents, &c. (which Income you have receiv'd and had the free undisputed Disposal of) tho' by the Way, you did not bring me a Shilling, and 'twas almost impossible you shou'd ever get one, without my Conduct, my Care, Assistance, Instruction, and Advice--- what they have been you know full well;--- what Anxiety I have

I have endur'd; what Affiduity, what Diligence I have us'd, what uncommon Means to support you; I have hazarded Friendships, made myself even a publick Jest, set my own Interest at nought; my Life and Reputation at Stake, and thought all too little. I am sorry I have Occasion to mention your poor unfortunate Family; but as Distress is no Crime, I shall venture to remind you, from an uncommon Regard to you, I thought of their Interest and Support, even to the Prejudice of my own, (and omitted enlarging my own Income, at a critical Juncture, to promote their's in a handsome Manner) as I preferr'd obliging you, and all that belong'd to you, to all Considerations upon the Face of the Earth. Let me acknowledge they have not yet appear'd ungrateful * whatever you have been--- nor will I say they had any Obligation to me, since you were the Source of all:--- I acknowledge my Error, and blush at my want of Conduct, when I say so much I prided in you, that I thought no Expence too much that supported what I must now call, your Pride and Vanity (I had almost said your Vices.) Harsh Terms, perhaps, tho' far short of what you might expect from me, and very different from any yet ever us'd by me towards you, tho' labouring under the highest Indignities, and Injuries, human Nature ever suffer'd; -- and those brought

* At the Time this was wrote, their Ingratitude, &c. had not appear'd in the glaring Colours it has since.

brought to the highest Pitch, when I was under the greatest Distresses :— Thank you, Madam.— Was I expensive in my Dwelling in Town and Country? Was my Equipage above me? my Table too open to Friends? Were not your Friends, your Guests, ever the most welcome? Was I too lavish in many Articles? What were my Expences, on myself, at Home or Abroad? moderate; less than they had often been: Why did e not retrench all? because my Fondness and Pride would not let me, while you were my Partner, and presided as Mistress of All;— my pleasurable Jaunts were all with you;— who ever shar'd any with me except yourself? no Creature on the Face of the Earth;— I ever chose you shou'd share my chearful Moments, and (which I own was a Fault) kept all painful Thoughts to myself, rather than let 'em disturb you :— Did I ever want Good-Humour, good Manners, or Good-Nature? Love, Fondness, or Tenderness? You know, I have shewn 'em to Excess; ay, felt 'em to Excess,— a shameful one;— nor was my Love so sickly to diminish by Fruition, but rather— *Encrease of Appetite did grow by what it fed on* : Yes, Madam, I have, on some Occasions, shewn uncommon Instances of a raptur'd Husband; this you know, your Soul knows it;— but I forgot, among other refin'd Notions, your improv'd Talents have gain'd, your having a Soul seems to be a Doubt with your philosophical Ladyship, who have learn'd to make a Jest of all
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Ties human and divine;— those Lessons, Madam, I never taught you:— Oh, but say you,— You all this while forget your own Errors;— no Madam, I have often, in my Confession of 'em, rather enlarged than lessen'd 'em; been quick to arraign myself,— reflected strongly, and truly repented; wou'd have amended, wou'd you have encourag'd me; this you know to be Truth, as is every Word I say to you. I never thought I cou'd do enough by Way of Expiation;— conscious of my Follies, I have, in return, hush'd my Resentments, struggl'd with my Pride and Honour,— but, what's the Pride of a poor Man, or the Honour of a Husband? Does not your witty, wanton Ladyship smile at 'em?— take Care, let me never more see it tho'.— Have I not excus'd the Frailties of others (convinc'd of my own) to an unpardonable Fault? I have sooth'd, when I shou'd have been severe; have sigh'd, when I shou'd have rag'd; have forc'd a Smile under the greatest Affliction; have us'd Intreaty for Command; have seem'd blind, with my Eyes open; (tho' they were open'd very lately, God knows, and then I wish'd I could not see) I have continu'd the Lover, when I shou'd have asserted the Husband; and rather chose, by Tendernefs, to touch the Heart I valu'd, than force myself, contrary to my Nature, to be a Tyrant or a Jailor;— I ever scorn'd to possess, what Generosity, and Confidence, cou'd not preserve;— and that you might not blush too much, if you wou'd have repented;

repented, I even fram'd Excuses for your Errors, and chose to load myself with Blame, rather than not alleviate your Burden :--- To flatter you to Truth, I have thrown Faults on myself I have not been guilty of, and allow'd you Merits that you never had.--- When I went to *France*, tho' 'twas my own unhappy sudden Thought, you know, you drove me thither;--- I sink with Shame, tho' no Eye beholds me, when I recollect, how near I was losing my Senses, nay, let me truly own, I had lost 'em, because I thought I had lost you; the Symptoms were too plain to every Eye, while my fond Fears for you endeavour'd to conceal the real Cause. I own, I wish'd to be recall'd; why? because *England* held you,--- the only Person in the World that now makes me wish I had a Fortune Abroad. Don't imagine that by the Repetition of ought I may have done or endur'd, I expect, or wish, your Mind shou'd return to me, and a Wife without it were such Infamy as I scorn to dwell on.--- My Affluence you were pleas'd to share, the Narrowness and hazardous Part of my Circumstances you were above condescending to partake; tho' with your Comfort, and that Assistance you ought to have lent me: (Nay, and which I could command) I had no Affairs but were to be retriev'd, and the Difficulties that have arose have been more owing to my distracted State of Mind, &c. on your Account, than any other Impediment. I thought my going Abroad wou'd either wean me, or recall

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you;

you ; I hop'd my Return wou'd operate on you, in such a Manner, as Humanity, and a Conscience of Error shou'd have taught :--- But, you force me to say (you tear the Words from me) sure never was Mind so lost, so abandon'd : Amidst all the uncommon Agonies, and Terrors, I endur'd, I was resolv'd to try you to the uttermost, and use various and uncommon Means to gain the Truth if possible ;--- but, by sifting that from you, how false, how prevaricating, how very base have I prov'd you, or rather you prov'd yourself ? Thou thorough Lyar. 'Tis not to be dwelt on. I thought I knew the World pretty well, your Sex not a little ; but you, Madam, have made all that Knowledge nothing : Nor do I believe any Age or History can readily furnish one with your Parrallel. I thank Providence that prompted me to return to find the Bottom of you ; without it, I had been lost in Pity, Compassion, and Delusion. For what ? I will not say all I think of you. Your cunning Artifice, your strange Conduct in having private Meetings (long since, and all unsuspected by me) at Chapels, Masquerades, and Places that shock me to think of ; and your slow and sly Manner of drawing me into an Intimacy, an Acquaintance and Friendship ; and scheming my being under Obligations, have made me start, but now I could almost smile at 'em : And all this ere I had the least Imagination or Suggestion that you either had suffered, or would suffer any one to whisper a single Accent of Love in your Ear ; nay, before

before I knew a certain Person had even (in publick or private) ever exchange'd a Syllable with you. Thou strange, strange Creature! never had Man greater Confidence, nor was ever Confidence more ungenerously betray'd than mine has been. Your presuming to lay a Plan for our living together, on such audacious Terms as you cou'd propose, makes me shudder to think you cou'd utter 'em; while I smile at your ridiculous Folly that cou'd suppose I would go thro' with it. I chuse to smile, Madam, because I scorn to be angry with what is become beneath my Resentment. You have chose strange Extreame, Madam, and, I thank God, those Extreames have cur'd me. Madam, no Consideration upon Earth shall ever make me again eat a Meal with you, nor sleep under the same Roof; nor dare to think I will ever have the least Obligation or Friendship from you; your Lip or Hand I never more will offer to touch, and all I expect of you is good Manners and Distance, if ever we are compell'd by any Accident to meet again; tho' I own I could wish we were never more to see each other. I shall talk to you, Madam, by a third Person only, whom I shall pitch upon with Caution: What's proper for you to wear, Madam, you shall have; but I have no Fortune to compliment away, and have enough to do with that little, that extreme little that belongs to me. I once thought it an Honour to call you by my Name,--- guess what I think it now; however slight, or lowly you have

taught yourself to think of me, you'll find I have Resolution enough yet to act with strict Justice and Honour, to all who ought to expect or demand it from me. Waken'd from my unhappy Lethargy of Love, Recollection now awakens to my Memory innumerable Instances, long since past, of your mercenary Self-love, Deceit, and Baseness of Mind towards me, that had remained unheeded, but for some shocking Provocations which recall the Remembrance of 'em, and justify me in a strong Belief (rather let me say Assurance) you never meant to act justly by me; or ever was what I once fondly thought you. I now can see thro' you clearly, Madam;--- when I cast my Eyes over your Letters, I can point out the Places where a superior Understanding to your own was the Dictator; and what shocks me to think of is, even the Feeling, the Humanity, or Tenderness towards me, that may appear in 'em, I am now convinc'd was Art; those feign'd Sentiments came not from your Heart, I am certain; I rather ow'd 'em to another,--- shocking, aggravating Circumstance of your Guilt and Folly! You artfully kept alive my Love, to take Advantage of my Weakness; base Wretch! Can I, on Reflection, think otherwise? What signifies your Words, when your Actions have spoke you too plain to me? How readily you catch'd at my Words when I propos'd going abroad, to remove a painful Object from your Eyes? The Ceremony indeed appear'd to shock you,--- why? alas! my fond Credulity then

then misinterpreted all ; but now I'll tell you the true Reasons, Madam, and God forgive me if I injure you : You were hurt, not from what I was to suffer, but from the Hazards you ran yourself ; your Pride began to be alarm'd, lest you shou'd lose that Reputation your Virtue shou'd have deserv'd. 'Twas undoubtedly, no pleasant Circumstance (to think of me only in the Light of a Companion, that had often added to your Entertainment and Mirth) to see a Man bursting with Agony, yet, endeavouring to support himself with Spirit, turning his Back on his native Country, with a Thought of never beholding it more : Nor was it agreeable to see my Furniture thrown in a Heap, designed for Sale, which it never should have been, but that I knew not otherwise (till I could fix some Scheme or Resolution) how to support myself abroad, unless I had been as low in my Mind as your simple Ladyship was pleas'd to think me, and wou'd have submitted to have ow'd my Support where I wou'd sooner have sacrific'd my Life. How dar'd you, Madam, to have such an audacious insulting Thought of me ? If I dwell on it I shall lose my Temper, and talk beneath myself. You know my little Support was from myself alone. I will suppose, at that Juncture too, your Conscience stir'd within you, and mov'd your Countenance to such expressive Looks as even now I cannot bear the Thought of ; and I must pause e'er I can go on --- Curse on the Weakness that stops me. I ought, while I talk
to

to you, to divest myself of all Feeling and Humanity, of Memory if possible ; yet let me recollect ; you let me go, and, Madam, spite of your Art, spite of all Disguise, I cou'd find, by your Writing, your Mind felt a Relief the Moment you heard I was landed on another Shore. How unhappy my Life was there I scorn to tell you now. But how were you alarm'd when I thought of returning, when you pretended (I had like to have said impudently) you wou'd live with me again, if I pleas'd ; but the Conditions were so pretty, I must laugh, Madam, lest a just Anger shou'd waken me to Terms I scorn to use ; tho' all wou'd be far short of your Deservings ; you, who cou'd pretend to be in your Senses, and dare to think so damnably of me. I must break off, for how can I go on ? Is it a Subject to smile at ? Monstrous ! after all I have endur'd, should I revive any soft Ideas in my Memory ? 'twere the Extreme of Folly : Shall I be angry ? I owe more to my own Pride than to think you worth it. I find such Variety of Thoughts pour in upon me, I must determine to hasten to a Conclusion, or this Subject will be endless ; whatever may remain to be said, I shall think of, and deliver elsewhere.

To the Point—Had you listen'd to me as you ought, God, who knows my Heart, well knows your Usage should have been worthy a better Woman ; but as you chuse the Hazard of being call'd the Mistress of a married Man, rather than to live the Wife of an honest

honest, tho' unhappy Husband; take your Choice and be certain, I shou'd think it more honourable to be the lowest Person in a Jail, than command in a Palace, on such Terms as your insolent Folly (I can't say less) has more than once hinted to me--- I have try'd you, Madam, to the uttermost, and you must surely be astonish'd at my Temper, as I have at your Behaviour: I ow'd it to myself to remember you were a Woman, tho' the most insolent, provoking Wife, perhaps, that ever try'd the Strength of a Husband's Temper, Love, or Reason;--- my Reason I have often been near being entirely depriv'd of on your Account, but 'tis past,--- and my Love compleatly cur'd;--- I was determin'd to go thro' any fiery Trial to accomplish it, or to tear out the Heart that cou'd continue in the Weakness:--- And so no more on't.

Articles of Separation shall be drawn; consult whom you please on your Part--- Were I a Man of Fortune, they shou'd be more than Articles,--- let the Expence be what it wou'd;--- not that I want, or wish to throw any Odium, or malicious Insult on you, or any one; I am above it:--- I have Spirit enough to smile under Misfortunes, and scorn the Injuries I have not deserv'd--- those Articles I mention, Madam, ought to leave each as free as we were once fast, if possible,--- nor is it reasonable I shou'd be liable to a Jail for the Indiscretions of others, whom I am compell'd to say, may not a little have contributed to-
wards

wards the Hazard of my being in one.--- I can make it appear you have spent me infinitely more than your own Income ever amounted to.

While I have been endeavouring to lessen my Expences, your Ladyship's have encreas'd.--- Your Wardrobe, &c. since you were my Wife, was much properer for one of a superior Rank and Fortune;--- yet, let me hint to you, I bought your Wedding-Suit, Madam.--- To enumerate all Articles, were as endless, as to endeavour to relate all your monstrous Behaviour.

In Answer to a damn'd Lye, you (I am inform'd) have taught your horrid Tongue, (for which God save thee) receive the following Questions:

Could I teach you, pretty Miss, to love a Man I did not know? and whom you brought me acquainted with? Impudent Stupidity!

Could I give you wrong Inclinations? or was I to be delighted with Distraction? mad Woman!-- dear precious Madam, say that or any other damn'd, foolish, vile thing, rather than suppose I ever lov'd you--- for I detest the Remembrance.

My few remaining Goods, &c. I must part with, for I am ashamed to say it to you, but I am in Danger of being troubled by some few Creditors, whose Folly has refus'd my honest Proposals; and my whole Salary, you know, must go to those Good-natur'd Creditors who have comply'd; tho' they are all your's, Madam, as much as mine at least;--- I can't throw

throw away any thing where I am sure there's no Obligation,--- nor must my Children starve while you riot:--- And give me Leave to tell you, Madam, my Heart can never be easy, or my Spirit at Rest, while I am conscious I am under an Obligation that I have not at least a Prospect of returning:--- My Mind was ever above it; for you know, Madam, ev'n any Bill that was delay'd being paid by my casual Extravagance, I have only look'd on the Sum total, and paid to the last Farthing, rather than not make up for the Time they waited:--- Nay, I have paid you whatever I borrow'd of you by Accident, since my Return, as punctual as if you were a Stranger:--- But I ramble from my Purpose.--- You may, Madam, if you please, have (I understand) full the same Terms you had the last Year at the Theatre, which will amount to at least 400 l. for the Season:--- I only inform you of it--- I undertake to give you no Advice or Sentiments of mine thereon,--- but to tell you, whatever you can gain any where, is entirely your own, for I wou'd sooner swallow Poison than touch a Shilling of it;--- and I desire it may, without loss of Time, be out of my Power to expect it:--- You must imagine, Madam, I cou'd say an infinite deal more on this Subject,--- but I'll not give myself the Pain;--- only this, and I have done:--- Remember, my Humanity wou'd have say'd you, even when I had conquer'd my Love.--- And now,--- may you be as true to another, as you have been false to me;---

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and

and may you find that Pardon of God that you have from me! But may you deserve it more, or dare not to hope for it:--- For, in a few Words, towards me, you have been--- vain, proud, ill-temper'd, and extravagant;--- shocking to my Humanity;--- destructive of my Peace of Mind;--- ungrateful to my Friendship, which serv'd you and your's in the greatest Need; (ought I to forgive that?)--- have scandalously betray'd my Confidence;--- have reproach'd me with my former Extravagance, when my Fortune was at the lowest Ebb,--- tho' at the same Time you drew me into additional Expences;--- been shamefully false, and perfidious to my Love;--- have impos'd on my Good-nature;--- unjust to every Trust I repos'd in you;--- insulted my breaking Heart;--- trampled on my Pride and Honour;--- been shamefully neglectful of your Duty in every Article:--- And when you reflect on your whole unparallel'd Behaviour since my Return, you may wonder that you live:--- But you cannot be surpriz'd, that, here I vow to God, never will I more hold Converse or Commerce with you on any Account whatever.

Fearing your Welfare in my Absence, I wrote Letters in your Praise, to recommend you to the Care of my Father, and others, when I shou'd have been justifiable had I abandon'd you to Ruin.--- Yet, at the same Time you traduc'd me to my Father, thou honest grateful Creature!

One Word more.— As you have endeavour'd, when I was under the greatest Misfortunes, to blacken me to my nearest and dearest Friends and Relations, (for so I find) pray keep your modest Face out of my Sight :— Tho' you have boasted of the Power you maintain'd o'er all that ever lov'd you, yet I'll give you one friendly Piece of Advice :— Shou'd you ever meet with any Man of no ordinary Sense, Pride, and Spirit, take Care to behave a little better than you have to me.

The Person who writes the Copy of my Letter is bound, by solemn Oath, to Secresy and Silence.— That you might be sure 'twas a true Copy, I have number'd ev'ry Page, and sign'd it myself;— and be assur'd I am my own Dictator, Madam.— I never have deceiv'd you, but when the Madness of my Passion deceiv'd my unhappy Self.— You know it— too well you know it.— I wrote to another Person with my own Hand— because I remember'd he was a Gentleman— 'twas scarce worth my while to you, who are— Nothing.

On this Subject I shall never write Word more, or open my Lips; I wish I cou'd lose the Thought.—

After all I know of you,— be any thing but my Wife, and be luxuriously happy if you can.— Hell seize me, if I wish to interrupt you!— And so thou weakest, and most worthless of thy Sex, farewell for ever.

Teach

Teach yourself no more to be call'd my Wife, for never, never will I more, if possible, think myself your Husband.— I will have no Answer to this;— there can be none fit for you to give, or me to receive;— and I wish you may never remember there is such a Person in the World as, the unjustly treated, highly injur'd,

T. C.

F I N I S.

N. B. These Letters had been offer'd to the Publick much sooner, had not some Booksellers, and Printers, been intimidated from publishing 'em; one in particular, by some Means, was alarm'd even to the breaking of the Press, when the whole was compleatly compos'd and ready to be work'd off.